WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FAMOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

NO. 10
NOV

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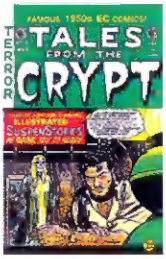
CANADA

BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!

CRYPT #1

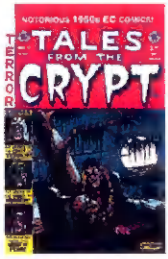
CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3

CRYPT #4

CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6

W SCI #1

W SCI #2

W SCI #3

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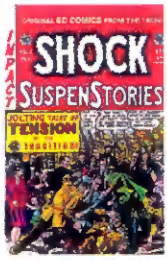
W SCI #6

SHOCK #1

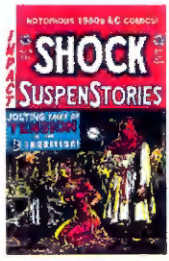


SHOCK #2

SHOCK #3

SHOCK #4

SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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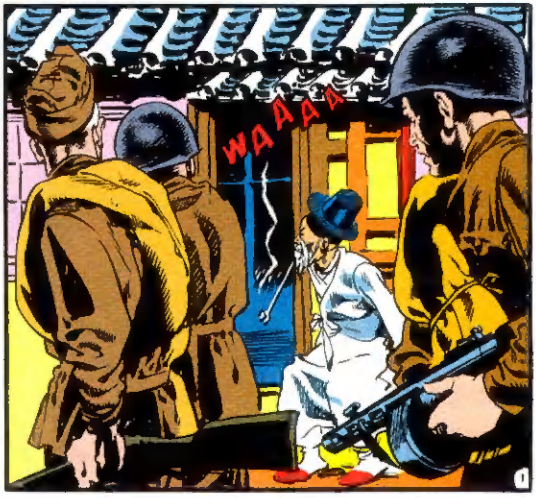
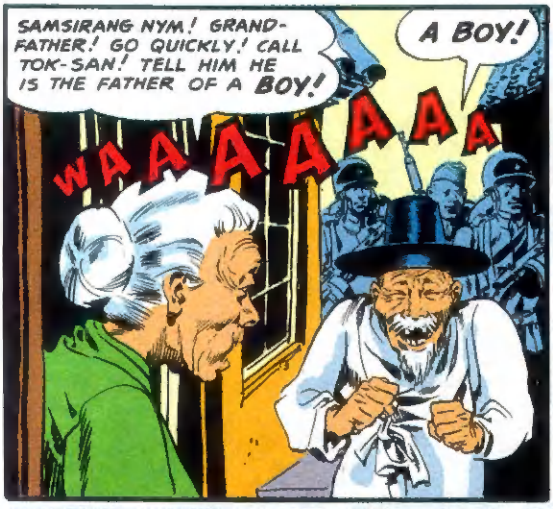
WAR! MODERN PUSH BUTTON ATOM BOMB WAR! WAR IS AS NEW AS THE MOMENT, YET OLD AS THE HILLS! THE WEAPONS CHANGE, BUT THE SETTING IS STILL THE SAME! HOW MANY HAVE SEEN THIS PICTURE... SO COMMONPLACE, IT'S ALMOST CORNY! THE BLASTED VILLAGE, THE SMOKE, THE RUBBLE, AND...

A BABY!

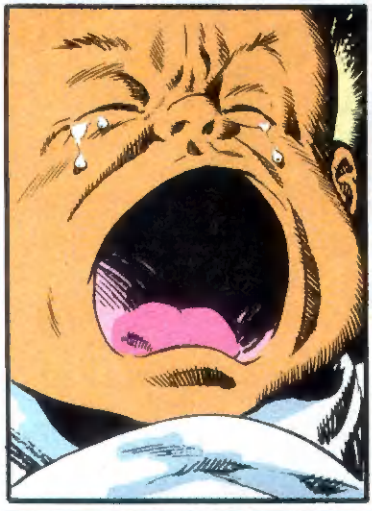
KOREA! 1948! OCCUPYING RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN TROOPS SAT ON EACH SIDE OF THE 38TH PARALLEL! AND SOMEWHERE IN NORTH KOREA, A **BABY** WAS BEING BORN!

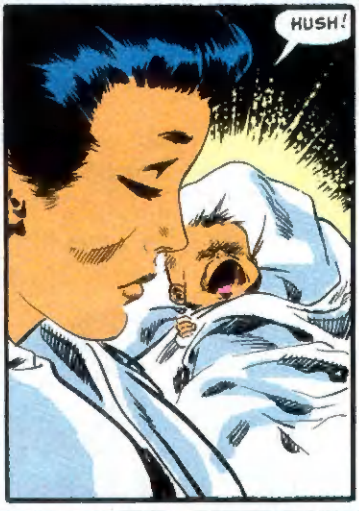


ANOTHER FINE HACBA/GRUNDY SCAN


SAMSIRANG NYM! GRANDFATHER! GO QUICKLY! CALL TOK-SAN! TELL HIM HE IS THE FATHER OF A BOY!
A BOY!
WAAAAAAA

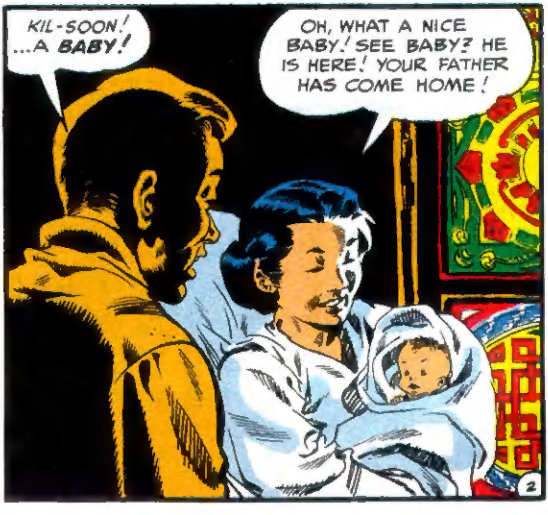
OUT OF MY WAY, RUSSIANS! I MUST TELL TOK-SAN!
HE IS A FATHER, AND I AM A GRANDFATHER!



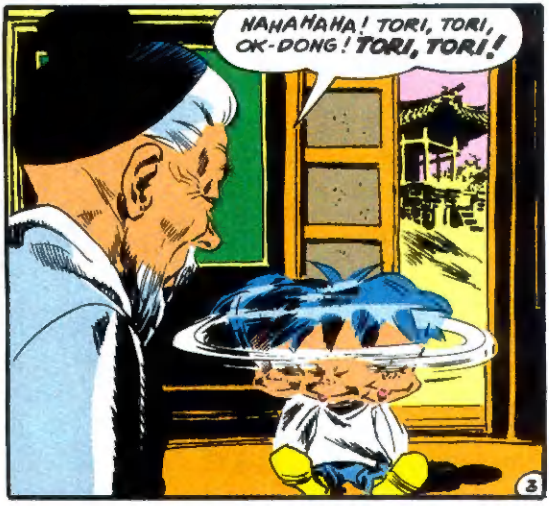

HUSH!

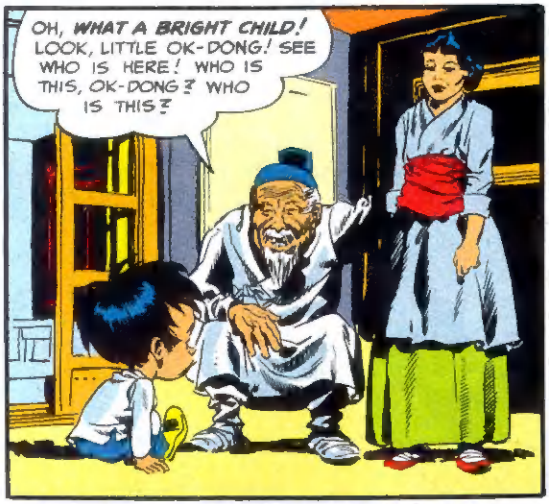
HUSH, LITTLE OK-DONG! YOUR FATHER IS COMING HOME!

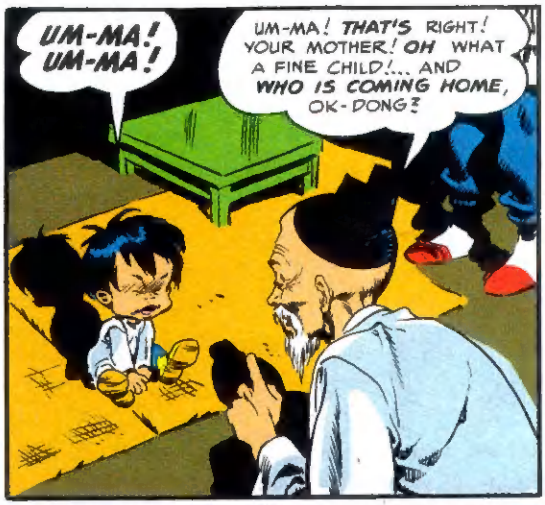
HUSH, LITTLE BABY! SEE? JÖKI ONDA! YOUR FATHER IS COMING!


KIL-SOON! ...A BABY!
OH, WHAT A NICE BABY! SEE BABY? HE IS HERE! YOUR FATHER HAS COME HOME!

KOREA! 1949! THE OCCUPATION FORCES WERE LEAVING KOREA, AND SOMEWHERE IN NORTH KOREA, A CHILD WAS HAVING A **BIRTHDAY** CELEBRATION!

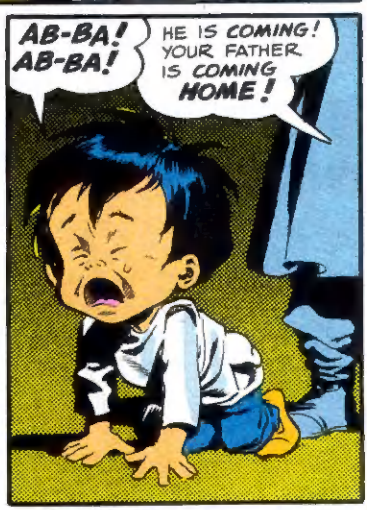



OH, WHAT A BRIGHT CHILD! LOOK, LITTLE OK-DONG! SEE WHO IS HERE! WHO IS THIS, OK-DONG? WHO IS THIS?

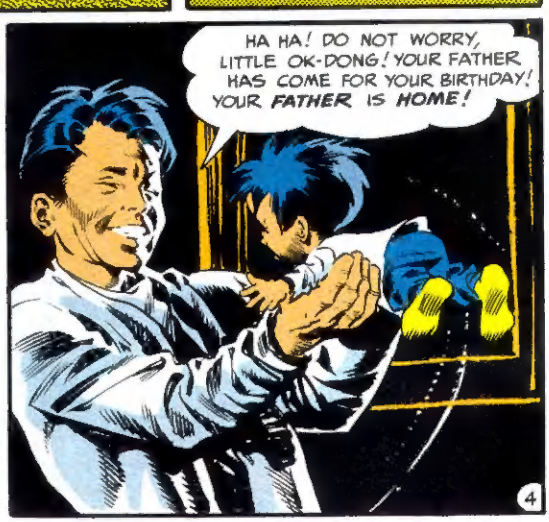

UM-MA! UM-MA!
UM-MA! THAT'S RIGHT! YOUR MOTHER! OH WHAT A FINE CHILD!... AND WHO IS COMING HOME, OK-DONG?

AB-BA! AB-BA!
THAT'S RIGHT! YOUR FATHER! YOUR FATHER

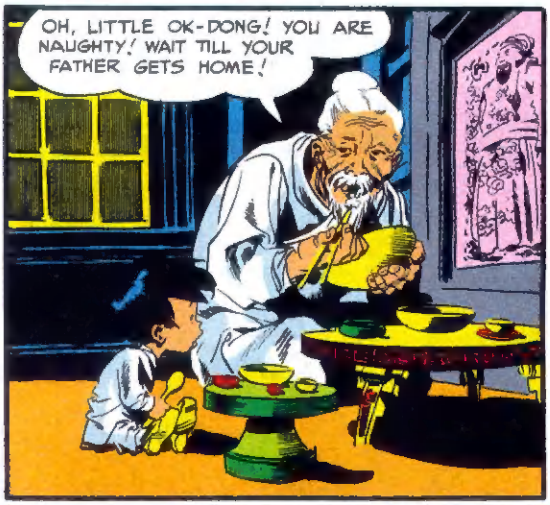
AB-BA! AB-BA!
ISN'T THAT CUTE! HE IS LOOKING FOR HIS FATHER!

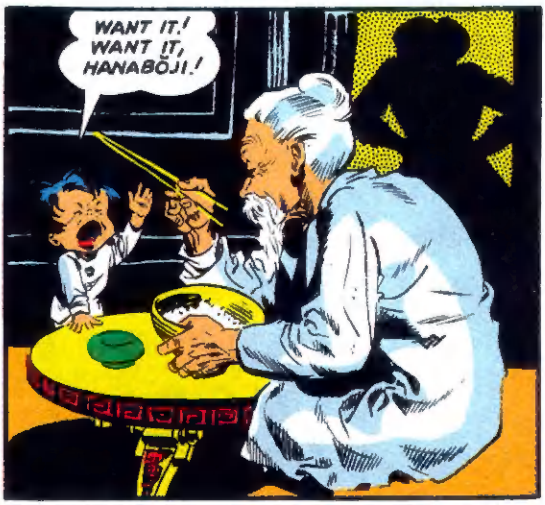

AB-BA! AB-BA!
HE IS COMING! YOUR FATHER IS COMING HOME!

HERE HE IS! HERE IS YOUR AB-BA... YOUR FATHER!
AB-BA!


HA HA! DO NOT WORRY, LITTLE OK-DONG! YOUR FATHER HAS COME FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY! YOUR FATHER IS HOME!

KOREA! 1950! A COMMUNIST KOREA FACED A DEMOCRATIC KOREA ACROSS THE 38TH PARALLEL!...A RUSSIAN BUILT T-34 TANK SQUATTED IN FRONT OF A KOREAN HOME!
WHERE IS THE BABY? WHERE IS OK-DONG?
OK-DONG! WHERE ARE YOU?
OK-DONG!
AIGOO MŎNINA!! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO GO NEAR THE DOORWAY!
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY CHILD! ONE DAY YOU WILL FALL OFF THE DOORSTEP, AND YOU WILL GET HURT!
SLAM!
NOW I WANT YOU TO SIT BY YOUR BOWL, AND DON'T GET UP TILL YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR WHOLE MEAL!
PLOP!

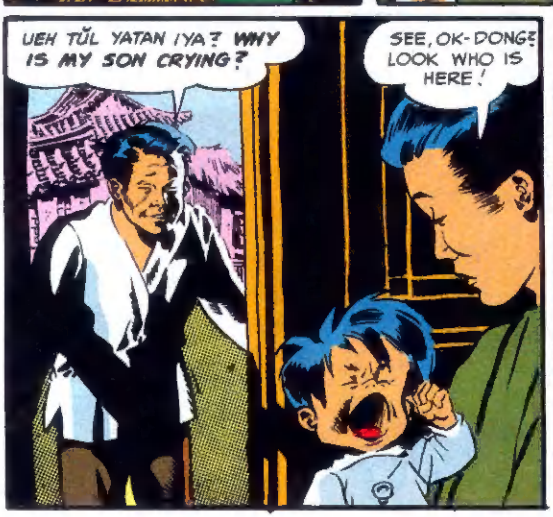

OH, LITTLE OK-DONG! YOU ARE NAUGHTY! WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER GETS HOME!

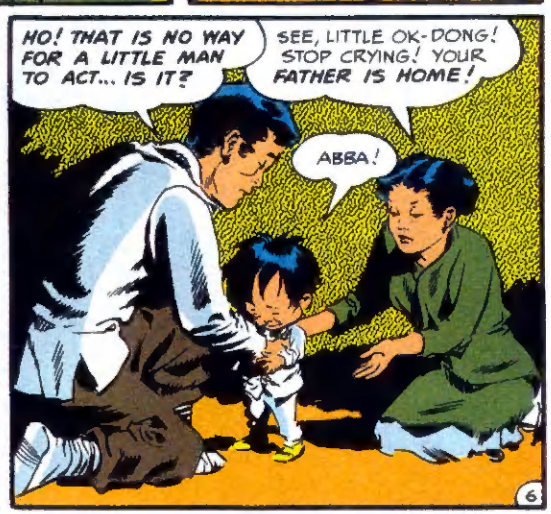

WANT IT! WANT IT, HANABŌJI!

OK-DONG! YOU CANNOT EAT WITH GRANDFATHER'S CHOP-STICKS! YOU WILL HURT YOURSELF! NOW EAT!
FLOP!

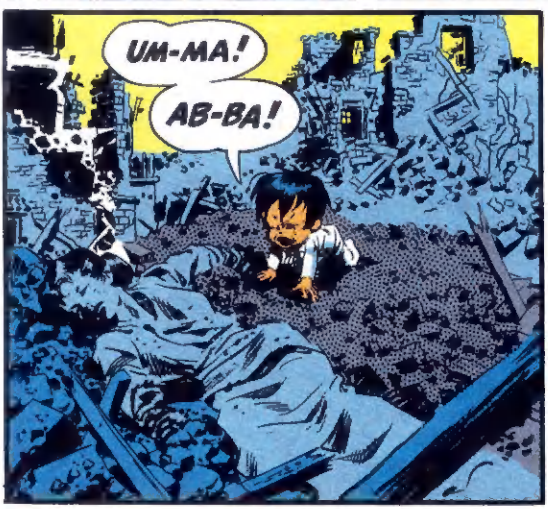
OH, I AM SO NERVOUS! WHY DO THEY HAVE TO PUT THOSE WAR-TANKS OUTSIDE OUR DOORWAY?

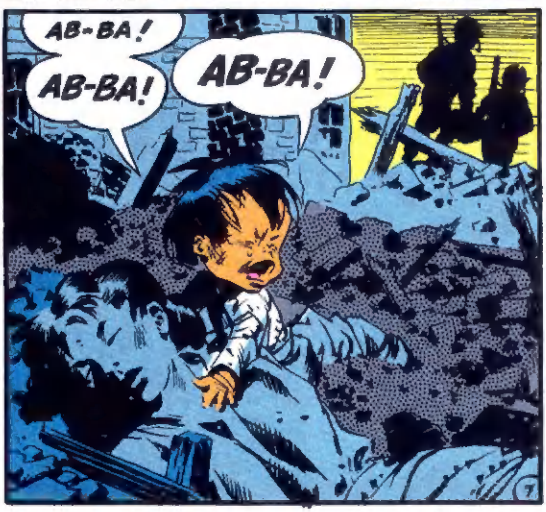
WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH THEM?... HUSH, LITTLE OK-DONG! DO NOT CRY! YOUR FATHER IS COMING HOME!

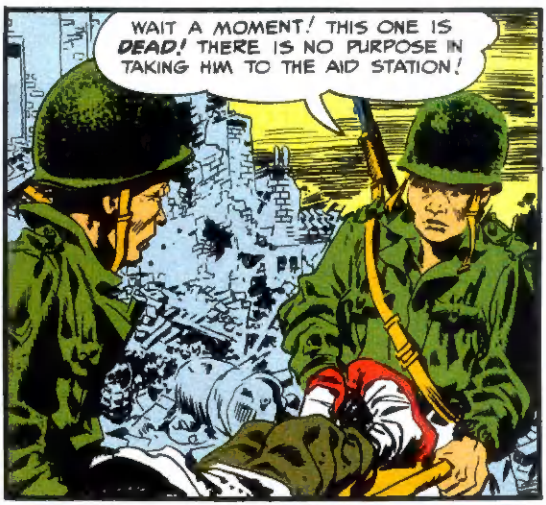

UEH TŬL YATAN IYA? WHY IS MY SON CRYING?
SEE, OK-DONG? LOOK WHO IS HERE!


HO! THAT IS NO WAY FOR A LITTLE MAN TO ACT... IS IT?
SEE, LITTLE OK-DONG! STOP CRYING! YOUR FATHER IS HOME!
ABBA!

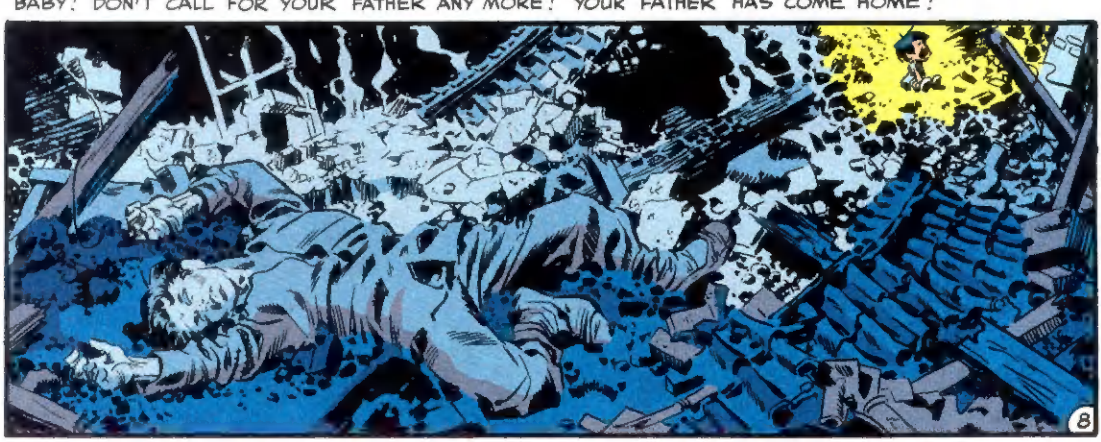
ON JUNE 24, 1950, A UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION REPORTED THAT NORTH KOREAN FORCES HAD LAUNCHED ATTACKS ALL ALONG THE 38TH PARALLEL!







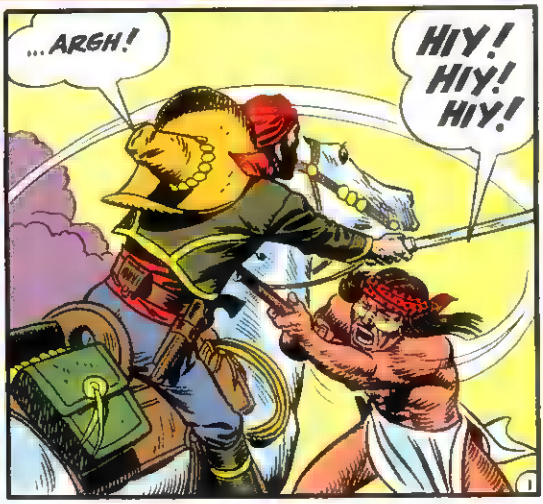
WAR IS AS NEW AS THE MOMENT, AND OLD AS THE HILLS! BUT IT LOOKS THE SAME FROM YEAR TO YEAR! THE SAME VICIOUSNESS, THE SAME DESTRUCTION, AND THE SAME DEATH!... HUSH, LITTLE BABY! DON'T CALL FOR YOUR FATHER ANY MORE! YOUR FATHER HAS COME HOME!

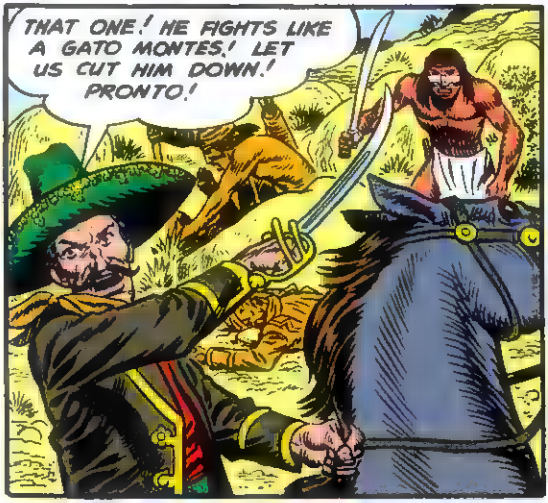


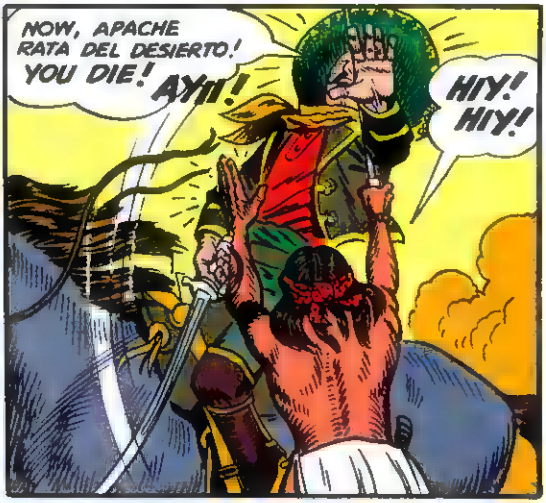
IT WAS BARELY A CENTURY AGO! THE WHITE MAN MOVED WEST, PUSHING RUTHLESSLY ACROSS THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE INDIAN! AND AS WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN, FRICTION DEVELOPED! OLD MEN CAN STILL REMEMBER READING THE NEWSPAPERS ABOUT THE APACHE RENEGADE ...

GERONIMO!

SEVERIN AND ELDER




THAT ONE! HE FIGHTS LIKE A GATO MONTES! LET US CUT HIM DOWN! PRONTO!


NOW, APACHE RATA DEL DESIERTO! YOU DIE! AYII!
HIY! HIY!

CUIDADO! CUIDADO GERONIMO! LOOKOUT! GET THAT GERONIMO!

DETÉNGANLO! HE IS GETTING AWAY!
GET THAT GERONIMO RÁPIDO!
POW!
POW!

NO IMPORTA! HE HAS REACHED THE TREES!
IT IS GETTING DARK! LET US RETURN TO THE VILLAGE!

AH, DIOS MIO! WE HAVE LOST MANY MEN TODAY!
SIGH! WHEN WILL THESE APACHES STOP RAIDING US FROM ACROSS THE BORDER?

SEGURAMENTE, WE HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF THEM!
...AND ESPECIALLY THAT ONE PILLO! THAT GERONIMO!

BARELY A CENTURY AGO... APACHES, NOMADS OF AMERICA, ROAMED ARIZONA, RAIDED ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER... CAME HOME LOADED WITH BOOTY...

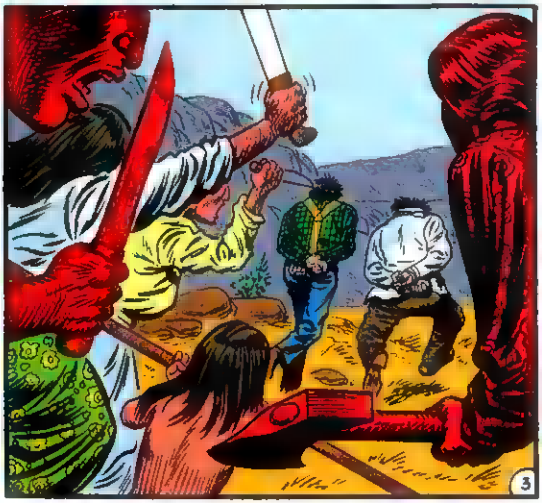
AYII, M/ AMIGO, WE SHOULD HAVE DIED BEFORE LETTING THE APACHES TAKE US!
WHILE THERE IS LIFE, THERE IS HOPE!

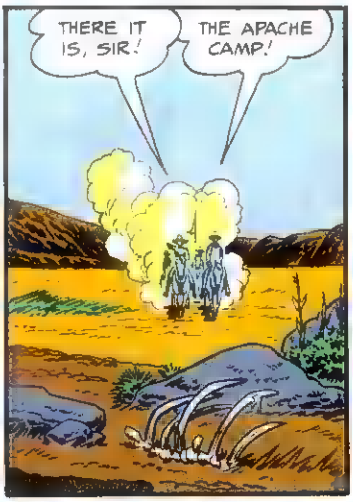
THE APACHE HATES THE MEXICAN WORSE THAN THE GILA MONSTER! SEE! FIRST THEY DIVIDE THE STOLEN CATTLE!

NOW THEY DIVIDE THE SUPPLIES THEY HAVE TAKEN FROM US...

AND NOW THEY COME TO US!
TENGAN FE! PERHAPS THEY WILL HOLD US FOR RANSOM!

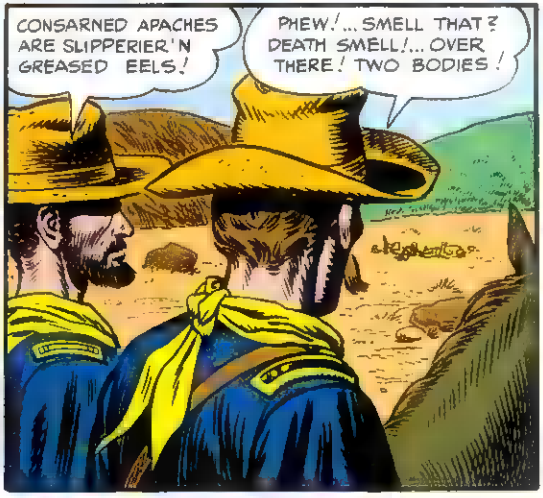
MADRE DE DIOS! WHY DO THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN STAND AROUND US WITH KNIVES AND HATCHETS!
THEY ARE TELLING US TO RUN! MUY BIEN... LET US RUN... AND PRAY!

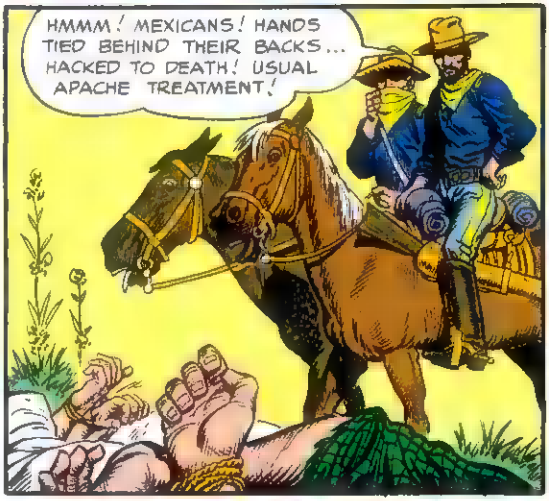



THERE IT IS, SIR!
THE APACHE CAMP!

TROOP, HEY-YOO!
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GONE!

NOTHING BUT JUNK AND BURNED-DOWN WIKIUPS!
THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP AGAIN, SIR!


CONSARNED APACHES ARE SLIPPERIER'N GREASED EELS!
PHEW!... SMELL THAT? DEATH SMELL!... OVER THERE! TWO BODIES!

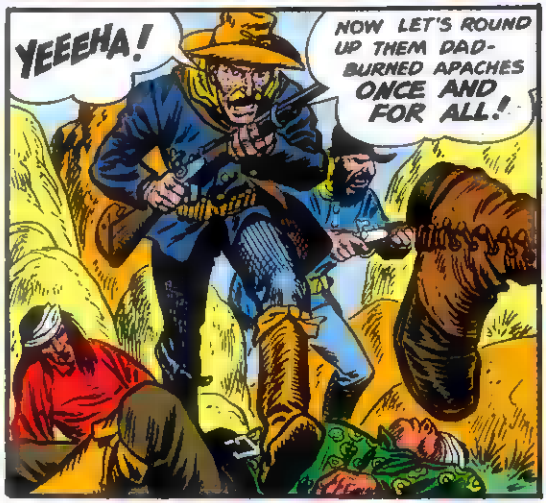

HMMM! MEXICANS! HANDS TIED BEHIND THEIR BACKS... HACKED TO DEATH! USUAL APACHE TREATMENT!

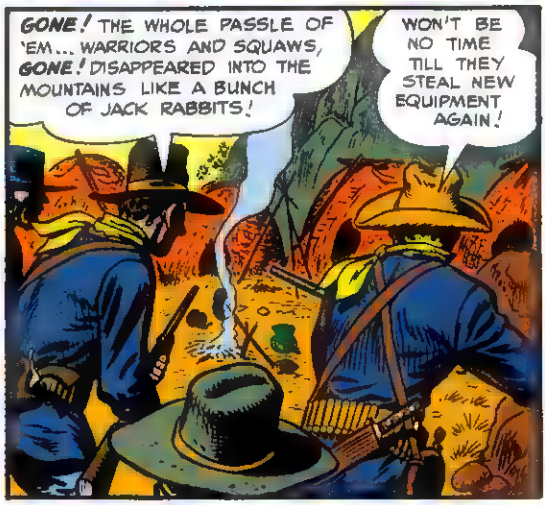
HOW LONG CAN THIS GO ON! A HANDFUL OF APACHES TERRORIZING THE WHOLE ARIZONA BORDER... AND THE U.S. ARMY CAN'T STOP 'EM!
WE'LL STOP 'EM! AND WE'LL GET THE BIG MAN BEHIND 'EM! WE'LL CATCH UP WITH GERONIMO!

BARELY ONE CENTURY BACK! MOST INDIANS HAD GONE TO THE RESERVATIONS, BUT 21 FIGHTING APACHES WERE STILL BEING CHASED BY 5300 U.S. SOLDIERS!
OH...MY BACK IS BUSTED! THAT GERONIMO MUST BE HALF MOUNTAIN GOAT! I CAN HARDLY KEEP UP WITH THEM SCOUTS!
SH! WE'RE COMIN' CLOSE TO WHERE THE APACHE CAMP'S SUPPOSED TO BE!
LOOK! THE APACHE HORSES! WE'VE GOT OL' GERONIMO FOR SURE, THIS TIME!...GERONIMO'S SCOUTS ARE ON GUARD!
THIS IS THE MOMENT WE BEEN WAITIN' FOR, BY CRACKY!
SH! SH!
KRACK!
KRACK!
KRACK!
6

GET 'EM, BOYS! GET THE HORSES! COME AWN!

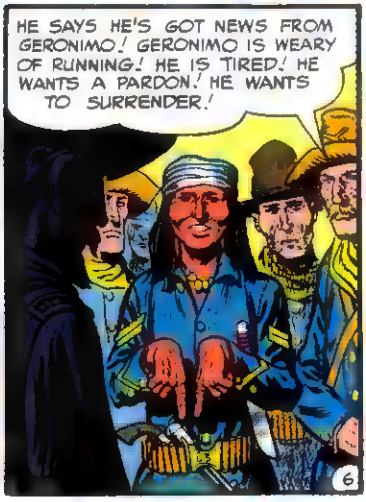
MOVE ON UP WITH THE SCOUTS, BOYS!
THEM HOSTILES WON'T GET FAR WITHOUT THEIR PONIES!


YEEEHA!
NOW LET'S ROUND UP THEM DAD-BURNED APACHES ONCE AND FOR ALL!


GONE! THE WHOLE PASSLE OF 'EM... WARRIORS AND SQUAWS, GONE! DISAPPEARED INTO THE MOUNTAINS LIKE A BUNCH OF JACK RABBITS!
WON'T BE NO TIME TILL THEY STEAL NEW EQUIPMENT AGAIN!

WELL... ANYHOW, THEY LEFT SOME GRUB COOKIN' ON THE FIRE! HAVE SOME NICE HOT MULE MEAT!

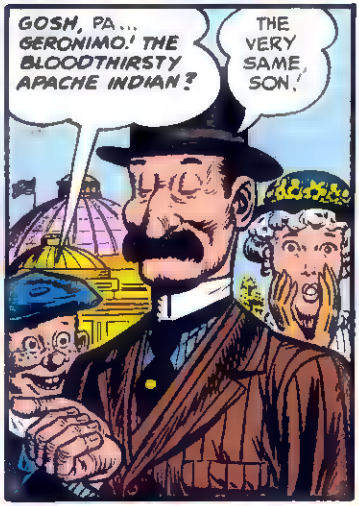
ONE OF THE SCOUTS COMING IN WITH SOM NEWS!
LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP!

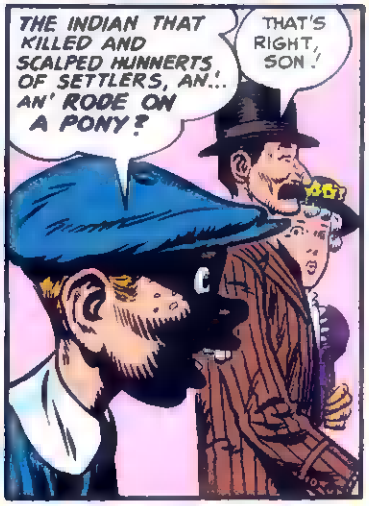

HE SAYS HE'S GOT NEWS FROM GERONIMO! GERONIMO IS WEARY OF RUNNING! HE IS TIRED! HE WANTS A PARDON! HE WANTS TO SURRENDER!

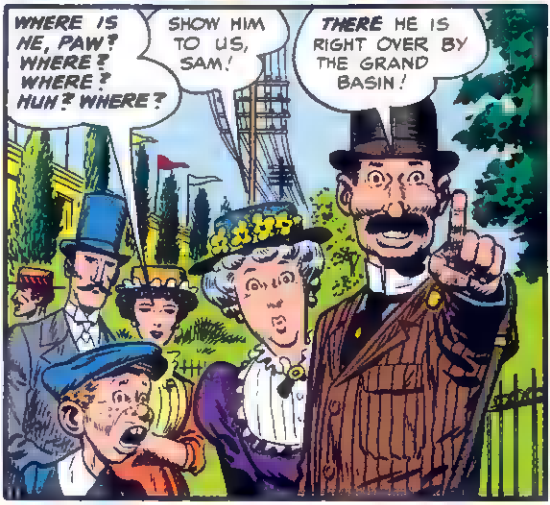
THE APACHE WAR WAS OVER! THE APACHE PEOPLE WERE HERDED INTO JAILS AND RESERVATIONS!... MANY YEARS LATER, THERE WAS A GREAT FAIR AT ST. LOUIS!

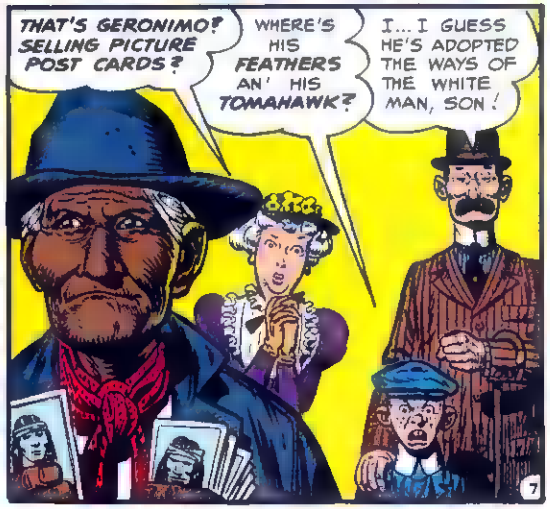
GOSH! LOOK AT THESE BUILDINGS! THERE NEVER WAS A FAIR OR NEVER WILL BE ONE LIKE THIS!
LET'S RIDE ON THE LAGOON THE GONDOLAS!

I WANNA GO ON THE FERRIS WHEEL!
HUSH, PENROD! IF YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, I'LL SHOW YOU GERONIMO!


GOSH, PA... GERONIMO! THE BLOODTHIRSTY APACHE INDIAN?
THE VERY SAME, SON!


THE INDIAN THAT KILLED AND SCALPED HUNNERTS OF SETTLERS, AN'.. AN' RODE ON A PONY?
THAT'S RIGHT, SON!


WHERE IS HE, PAW? WHERE? WHERE? HUH? WHERE?
SHOW HIM TO US, SAM!
THERE HE IS RIGHT OVER BY THE GRAND BASIN!


THAT'S GERONIMO? SELLING PICTURE POST CARDS?
WHERE'S HIS FEATHERS AN' HIS TOMAHAWK?
I... I GUESS HE'S ADOPTED THE WAYS OF THE WHITE MAN, SON!

FRONT LINES

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear FRONTLINE,

Thanks for reprinting this line of comics, especially FRONTLINE 9. This was a fantastic and revealing look at the Civil War. This comic should have a place in schools; I think kids would 'get it' better this way.

The first story, "Abe Lincoln!", was quite touching, especially the last panel! Plus, thank you for reprinting that great bonus insert page inside the cover on the Civil War. This should be up on classroom bulletin boards! I can only wish it was well praised when it was first published!

Speaking of publishing, I hope you can reprint the New Direction comics line of ECs, as well as MOON GIRL FIGHTS CRIME! Please consider this.

Robert Koenig — Mineola, NY

The anonymous editor got the double-whammy with "Abe Lincoln!" following reprinting of "For Us the Living" (WEIRD FANTASY 20). He doesn't have a dry eye left in his head!

Look for for Moon Girl in GUNFIGHTER (!) (which title is available in hardback from us, write for details), but not in our comics.

My name is Jake Citro, and I have been collecting and reading your comics since I was about 11, and I am 15 now. I think that the ironic stories are the best. Like the one when the kids is in the life or death situation when the kid kills the man that is actually his own dad. A lot of my friends read your comics 'cause I told them about you guys. Thanks a lot for your time.

Jake Citro — Bowling Green, FL

We give you the spellchamp award for being the first under-18 letter writer to correctly write "a lot" as two words!

Enjoyed the special Civil War issue. According to the inside cover, there were 7 Civil War sections, FRONTLINE COMBAT #9 being the first section. What FRONTLINE issues will the other six appear in?

Richard Jepeal — New Britain, CT

Sad to relate, only one other section saw print, in TWO-FISTED TALES #35 (our 18, and now available as a back issue).

Re; issue #9, "Abe Lincoln!": Over the course of history, anecdotes (or, as Lincoln liked to call them, "leetle stories") have sprung up around the actions and sayings of many famous personages. In editor Clifton Fadiman's 597-page "Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes," 1985, Abe Lincoln figures in 38 of the anecdotes, more than anyone except the 49 for Churchhill. More than the 20 for Einstein, 18 for Oscar Wilde, 17 for JFK, etc. This article provides yet other Lincoln anecdotes.

"First Shot!" answers the trivia question of who fired the first shot of the Civil War: Fort Moultrie. When I was in junior high, every student could easily name Fort Sumter, the recipient thereof. This is the first time I've ever heard the attacking site identified.

"Choose Sides!" captures some of the chaos of war, and the necessity to make decisions when information is sketchy and the outcome is highly uncertain. Not the best time to be nippin' on the bottle – although the provider of the hip flask and the pistol seems to have gotten what he wanted: somebody else to "test the waters."

"Bull Run!" shows that there wasn't much art in Civil War artillery – just brute, murderous power. And, that the relatively lowly front-line troops had little notion of the evolution of a battle until too late, when it came exploding in on them. Or when the "15-minute, bloodless" skirmish became a 5-year struggle, the bloodiest in world history to that time.

I eagerly await the unfolding of the Civil War story in the next 6 issues! Please print address.

Bob Gorby — 13153 Sunny LN, Camarillo, CA 93012

Oddly, when you are the object of a fired cannonball, the fact is anything but trivia. We are sorry to NOT be able to provide the balance of Kurtzman's Civil War, see Jepeal above.

Also available this month are HAUNT and CRIME. Watch for CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and PANIC next month. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED TALES! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic)!

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, SOLD OUT; FRONT #1-4, $2 each; PANIC #1-3, $2.50 each; all others up thru issue #3, $1.50 each; CRYPT, W SCI & SHOCK #4-16, and VAULT, W FAN, 2FIST, HAUNT and CRIME #4-15, $2 each. All others, $2.50 each (Latest issues: CRYPT, W SCI, VAULT, W FAN, 2FIST, HAUNT & CRIME are up to 21; FRONT to 10 and PANIC to 3).

Don't forget the entire 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY/INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION (#1-3, $1.50 each; #4-11, $2 each) and the 18 issues of SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES (#1-3, $1.50 each; #4-15, $2.00 each; #16-18, $2.50 each)!

Add $5 per order ($10 outside US) for S&H.

We want MORE letters! Write to:
FRONTLINE COMBAT
GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS
FRONTLINE COMBAT #10 (JAN/FEB 1953)

COVER by Harvey Kurtzman

"A Baby!"	Wally Wood
"Geronimo!"	John Severin/Bill Elder
"Napoleon!"	George Evans
"Anzio!"	Jack Davis

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters; to do so we need your address on the individual letter.

Grant Smith, Stamford, CT, held a pity party, but nobody came! Not now that my (and other GhouLunatics who shall be nameless) old comics are being reprinted, at popular prices! A mood piece which puts me in the mood to do another CRYPT-KEEPER'S PAGE OF. . .

FINE ARTS #58

ETERNITY

Opaque shadows, nightly cast,
Upon my dwelling as I sleep fast.
Wind and rain and sleet let come,
While I slumber cold and numb.
Waxen moon in velvet sky,
Illuminating all that die.
Lunar light, cold and bright,
Bathe me in my bed of night.
Eternal, endless, sleeping still,
Here I dwell – and always will.

Barry "Edgar A." McCollum — Alton, IL

A bit of rhyme described by the author as "POE-etry." I've attempted to reproduced his customized return address label, too! Is it true Barry flipped when introduced to an Illinois woman named "Annabelle Lee Nore?" –CK

Paul O'Leary, Needham, MA, had the good grace to send me this drawing of yours truly about to chow down on a hot dog (bake at 350°, that'll make Fido hot!). Reminds me of our mail carrier, who was bitten by a mixed breed last week. "I think he was part chow," said he. Evidently, the bowser thought the same of him! –CK

Last month I ran a bit of computer art, so now I'll run multiple bytes. According to Dan Walper, St. Louis, MO, he did it free-hand (the only compu-art I care to run!) in Paintbrush with his mouse, address unknown.

–CK

Send your contribs (not returnable, not too long, not too big, legible doublespaced text &/or bold black art. Warning...we edit) to:

THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S

PAGE OF FINE ARTS

GEMSTONE
POB 469
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

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BAYONET DRILL!

Corporal Patrick Tubridy of Her Majesty's Army in India watched his raw recruities lunge awkwardly at the bayonet-slashed dummy. Only yesterday, these young scutts had come to him fresh off the firing range, complacent in the belief that they could kill all the enemies of the British Empire at a safe and comfortable distance! It was Tubridy's painful duty to instruct them in the more engaging aspects of the Martini rifle—the thrusting bayonet and the bashing butt!!

Tubridy was known to be on speaking terms with a great number of the saints. It was with benign patience that he expressed a worldly opinion of this current bunch of bayonet-bunglers. "Saints above!! Thim bhoys run a fork through mutton at Messtable more feroshus than a bay'nit. No fear of thim breakin' the blade at the lockin'-ring!!"

Tubridy took a bayoneted rifle from one of his pupils, charged with it into the center of the dummy, twisting and impaling it as cleanly as a key in a lock. Then he demonstrated the Haymaker's Lift, a stroke that could swing a charging Ghazi clean off his fanatical feet!

After his lively lecture, Tubridy motioned his pupils to the shade of the cantonment where they sipped water while he packed his clay pipe. As he suspected, most of the recruits had no stomach for bayonet fighting. They would just as soon leave the slicing to the native Gurkha troops with their half-moon *kukri* blades. Tubridy assured them that the regiment would be involved in many close-quarter battles with the religious fanatics, the Ghazis, who came screaming down from the hills with great bone-handled, triangular Afghan blades as long as half a man!

He shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other. He always did this when he was about to tell a story of his many campaigns. There was that memorable battle of Gokrala Pass! Three hundred crazed Ghazis swarmed down on F Company . . . dedicated to a hasty departure from these mortal coils and sworn to take along with them as many infidels as possible! The press of the onrushing, screeching foe was such that the soldiers began to break ranks and scatter in disorderly retreat to the rear. Many fell beneath the deadly hacking of the Afghan blades! One soldier stood his ground as the blood-spilling Ghazis miraculously rushed past him. He was the company drummer boy, only fifteen years old! His hands were clenched tightly around the sticks that rolled out a rallying call to the fleeing soldiers.

As a man, the survivors of F Company turned and saw the proud British uniform among the horde of bearded six-foot fiends. The attackers were now the attacked as the soldiers lunged, smashed, and parried with bayonet and butt! The clumsy hackers were quartered by the artfully dodging bayonet thrusters. It took a fifteen year old drummer boy to recall a company to stand toe to toe and blade upon blade with its wildest enemy!!

* * * * *

Now Corporal Tubridy was back in his barracks-room. He pulled a leather drum sling from his foot-locker. On the inside of the strap was stamped: PATRICK TUBRIDY, DRUMMER, F COMPANY.

Lieutenant Farrar paused near Tubridy's cot and smiled. "Tell me the truth, Tubridy! Back in Gokrala Pass—you kept drumming because you were *too scared to move!!*"

Tubridy returned the warm smile.

"Now, Lift'nint! Ye wouldn't be tellin' me bhoys *that*. wud ye?"

A COLD DECEMBER NIGHT IN 1805! THE RUSSIAN ARMY HAS GATHERED TO BATTLE THE FRENCH BEFORE AUSTERLITZ! AND THEIR STRAINING EYES SEE THOUSANDS OF TORCHES LIT IN THE FRENCH CAMP... AND THEIR STRAINING EARS CATCH THE SHOUTS FROM A THOUSAND FRENCH THROATS! 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR! VIVE...

NAPOLEON!'

GEORGE EVANS

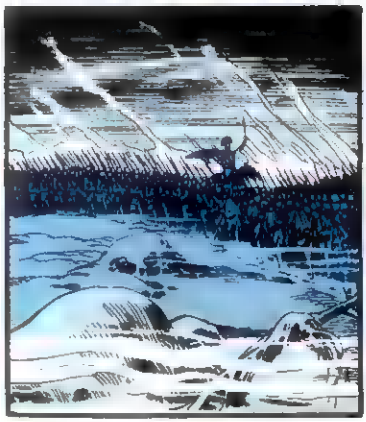
AN OLD OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GRENADIERS FROWNS! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? WHAT DOES THIS TRICKSTER, ***NAPOLEON***, HAVE UP HIS SLEEVE?

A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE ROYAL RUSSIAN HUSSARS GRINS HAPPILY! 'THE FRENCH ARE TRYING TO HIDE THE FACT THAT THEY ARE ***RETREATING!***

AND BEFORE THE SUN RISES ON THE MORNING OF DECEMBER SECOND, THE YOUNG, IMPETUOUS RUSSIAN OFFICERS HAVE THEIR WAY! THE ARMY MOVES!

84,000 MEN... RUSSIANS AND AUSTRIANS... STAMP OUT THE CAMPFIRES AND PREPARE TO MEET WHAT THEY THINK IS 40,000...BUT WHAT IN ***REALITY*** IS ***70,000*** FRENCHMEN!

AND ALTHOUGH THEY ALREADY STAND FACING THE FRENCH, THE RUSSIANS SWING OUT TO THE ***RIGHT*** AND ***LEFT!***

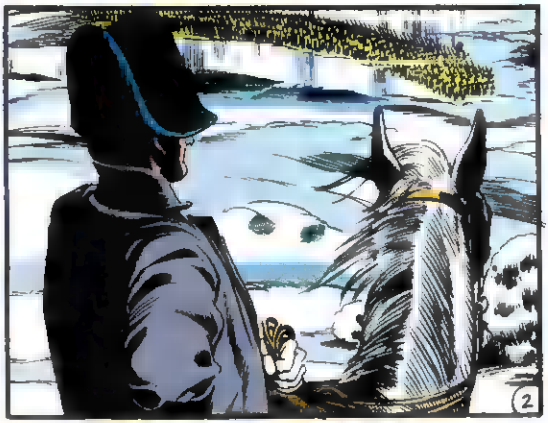


SWING OUT PAST ICED-OVER PONDS, INTO THE FOG-COVERED VALLEY OF THE ***GOLDBACH RIVER!***

FOR THEIR STRATEGY IS TO SWING IN A WIDE CIRCLE ***AROUND THE FLANKS*** AND ***SURROUND*** THE FRENCH!

THE RUSSIANS MARCH, AND THE FRENCH WAIT IN A LINE ALONG THE GOLDBACH RIVER, AND THE FRENCH COMMANDER WATCHES FROM A HILL!

AND HERE IS WHY NAPOLEON IS GREAT! THE RUSSIANS AND AUSTRIANS ARE DOING ***EXACTLY AS HE HAS PREDICTED***, AND NOW THEY ARE WALKING INTO HIS ***TRAP!***



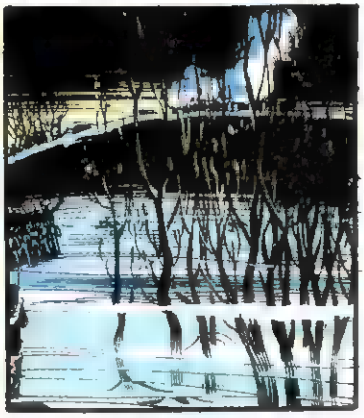
NAPOLEON SMILES! GIVE THE RUSSIANS TIME TO MOVE INTO THE VALLEY OF THE GOLDBACH RIVER! TIME TO MOVE TO THE FLANKS AND ***ABANDON THE CENTER!***

NOW THE SUN IS OUT! ***THE CHESS GAME HAS BEGUN!*** ***NAPOLEON*** SIGNALS WITH HIS WHITE GLOVE, AND A ***VAST BODY OF MEN MOVE OUT FROM BEHIND THE HILLS!***

THE FINEST MARCHING MEN OF EUROPE MOVE OFF TO HOLD THE FLANKS TO THE ***RIGHT*** AND ***LEFT!***

BUT THE MAIN BODY OF FRENCHMEN MOVE ***STRAIGHT AHEAD*** TO THE ***THINLY HELD RUSSIAN CENTER!***

FOR IN THE CENTER LIES A PLATEAU THAT SPLITS THE RUSSIAN ARMY ■ TWO! A PLATEAU CALLED THE ***PRATZEN!***

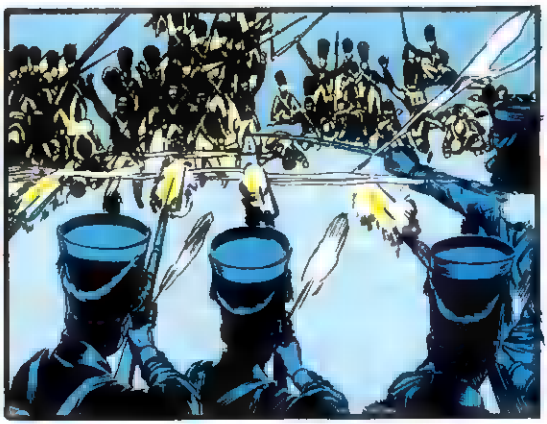


AN OLD OFFICER OF THE RUSSIAN GRENADIERS DETECTS THE MOVEMENT OF THE FRENCH TROOPS, AND ***FRANTICALLY TRIES TO SEND MEN UP THE PRATZEN!***

A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE RUSSIAN HUSSARS WHO HAS NOT YET COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE FRENCH, ***CHARGES INTO THE NARROW VALLEY OF THE GOLDBACH!***

THE VALLEY OF THE GOLDBACH RIVER IS A GOOD DEFENSIVE POSITION, AND ON THE LEFT FLANK, THE FRENCH STOP THE ENEMY LIKE A ***STONE WALL!***

THE STORY IS NO DIFFERENT ON THE RIGHT FLANK, AND THERE, THE RUSSIANS AND AUSTRIANS ARE ***TUMBLED BACK*** FROM THE FRENCH POSITIONS!



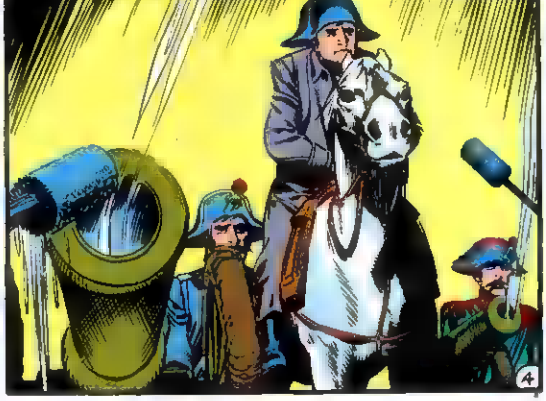
MEANWHILE, THE POWERFUL FRENCH CENTER THRUST CARRIES THEM UP THE SLOPE OF THE ***PRATZEN!***

THE OPPOSITION, WHICH IS VERY WEAK, IS QUICKLY DISPERSED BY THE FRENCH BAYONETS!

NOW, DENSE FRENCH COLUMNS ARE POURING UP ONTO THE HEIGHTS! ***THE PRATZEN IS THEIRS!***

IN NO TIME, FRENCH CANNON ARE DRAGGED UP ONTO THE ***PRATZEN,*** WHERE NOW THEY ***LOOK DOWN ON THE STRUGGLING MASSES OF RUSSIAN TROOPS!***

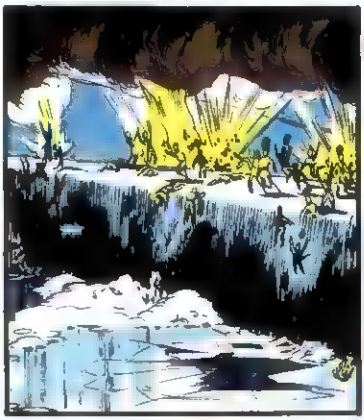
AND HERE IS WHY NAPOLEON IS GREAT! HIS PLAN IS WORKING TO THE LETTER! WITH HIS CANNON, HE WILL DESTROY THE ROSS AND AUSTRIANS ***AT HIS LEISURE!***



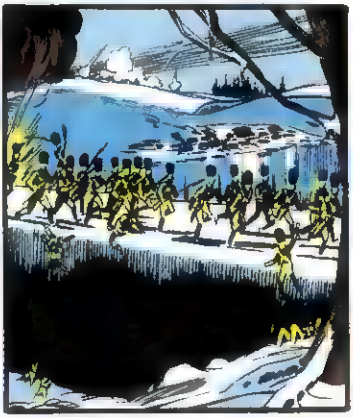
THE RUSSIAN CENTER RUNS BACK IN FULL RETREAT WITH THE CANNON BALLS AND GRENADES SCREAMING DOWN ON THEM FROM ON TOP OF THE PRATZEN!

THE RUSSIAN LEFT IS HIT FROM THE SIDE AS WELL AS THE FRONT, AND IT CROWDS BACK IN A TANGLE OF MEN AND BAYONETS... INTO THE VALLEY OF THE GOLDBACH!

NOW THE RUSSIANS ARE SQUEEZED BACK AGAINST THE PONDS... A PERFECT TARGET FOR THE FRENCH CANNON!

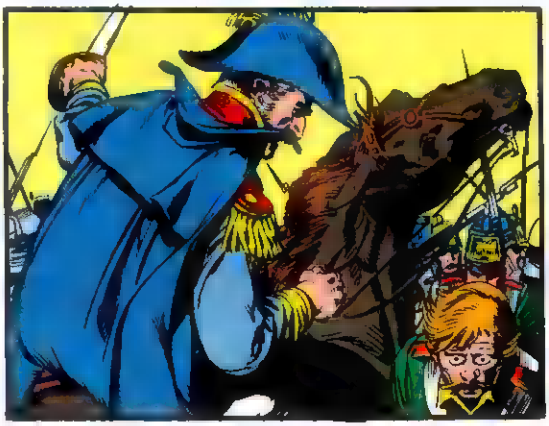


WHAT WAS ONCE A DISCIPLINED ARMY IS NOW A STRUGGLING MOB, ONLY SEEKING TO ESCAPE!



AND ONCE COMPACT ADVANCING COLUMNS ARE NOW FRIGHTENED INDIVIDUALS FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL!

AN OLD RUSSIAN OFFICER SHOUTS HOARSELY FOR HIS SOLDIERS TO ***HALT*** AND ***REFORM*** THEIR LINES, BUT HE IS A SMALL VOICE ■ THE WILDERNESS!



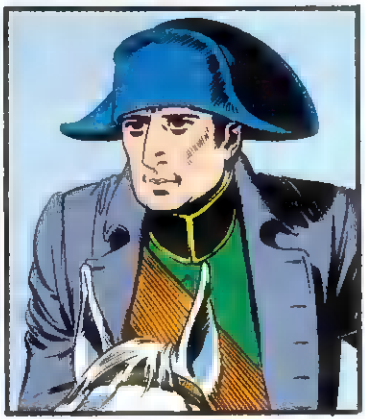
A YOUNG RUSSIAN HUSSAR ***DASHES OUT ON THE THIN CRACKLING ICE OF THE PONDS***, AND WILDLY COMMANDS THE SOLDIERS TO FOLLOW HIM TO SAFETY!

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ IS OVER! THE BATTLEFIELD IS LITTERED FOR EIGHT MILES WITH THE DEAD AND THE WOUNDED! THE FRENCH HAVE LOST OVER **8,000** MEN, BUT THEY HAVE KILLED AND WOUNDED **12,000** OF THE ENEMY... AND THEY HAVE TAKEN **15,000** RUSSIAN PRISONERS AND OVER **150** CANNON!

EVENING IS FALLING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD! THE ROLL OF THE CANNON FADES OVER THE AUSTRIAN HILLS!

A SMALL FIGURE ON A LITTLE GREY HORSE, FLANKED BY TWO ADJUTANTS, RIDES ACROSS THE FIELD!

NAPOLEON INSPECTS THE FIELD! HE IS JUBILANT! A GOOD DAY'S WORK! ***HERE IS WHY NAPOLEON IS GREAT!***



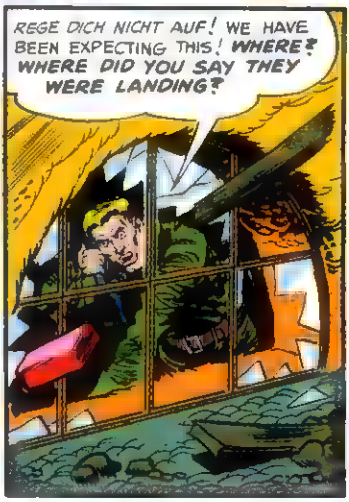
IN ONE DAY, HE HAS ***CHANGED HISTORY FOR THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS!*** NAPOLEON LOOKS AT THE PRISONERS! AN OLD RUSSIAN OFFICER SITS GLUMLY BY THE FIRE!

NAPOLEON WANDERS DOWN BY THE MILL POND! THE HAT OF A YOUNG RUSSIAN HUSSAR JUTS UP FROM THE POSHY WATER WHICH IS BEGINNING TO FREEZE OVER AGAIN!

HOW DO YOU PICTURE A BEACHHEAD? ASSAULT BOATS CHARGING ASHORE UNDER WITHERING FIRE? MEN PLUNGING DOWN THE RAMPS INTO THE WATER... LASHED BY MACHINE GUNS HIDDEN ON THE BEACH? NOT NECESSARILY! LET US TELL YOU ABOUT A FAMOUS BEACHHEAD IN ITALY CALLED...

ANZIO!

HALLO! HALLO! HAUPTMANN HERE! I CANNOT HEAR YOU! THE FERDAMMTE YANKEE PLANES ARE OVER US AGAIN!

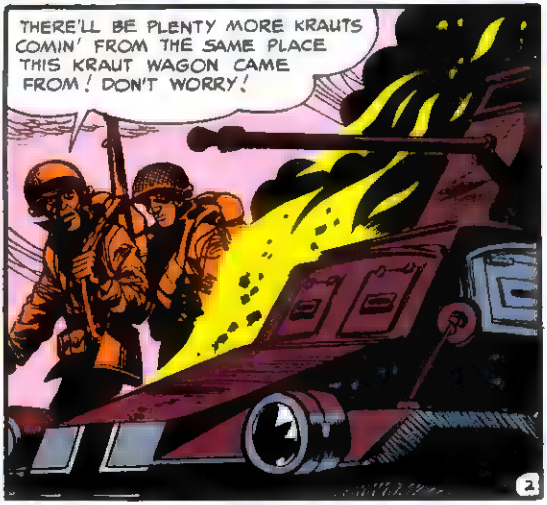


SO THIS IS ANZIO!

WHERE'S THE RECEPTION PARTY THE KRAUTS WERE SUPPOSED TO GIVE US?

LEAVE IT UP TO THE BIG BRASS TO FIGURE WHAT THE KRAUTS ARE SUPPOSED TO GIVE US!... LOOKA ME! SOAKING WET!

INSTEAD OF FIGHTING ON THE BEACHES, WE'RE GOING FOR A TWENNY MILE HIKE! AIN'T NO KRAUT ARMY ANYWHERE NEAR HERE!
DON'T COMPLAIN! WE'LL FIND KRAUTS SOON ENOUGH! LOOK!


THERE'LL BE PLENTY MORE KRAUTS COMIN' FROM THE SAME PLACE THIS KRAUT WAGON CAME FROM! DON'T WORRY!

HALLO! HALLO! HAUPTMANN HERE!... DO NOT WORRY!... JA! WE HAVE FIGURED ON THIS!... JA! WE ARE RUSHING IN THE 4TH PARACHUTE AND THE HERMANN GOERING PANZER DIVISION... WE ARE CALLING UNITS FROM YUGOSLAVIA, FRANCE... WE SHALL STOP THE ALLIES DEAD THEIR TRACKS!

INTO THE LINE WE GO!
QUIET NIGHT! I HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY!

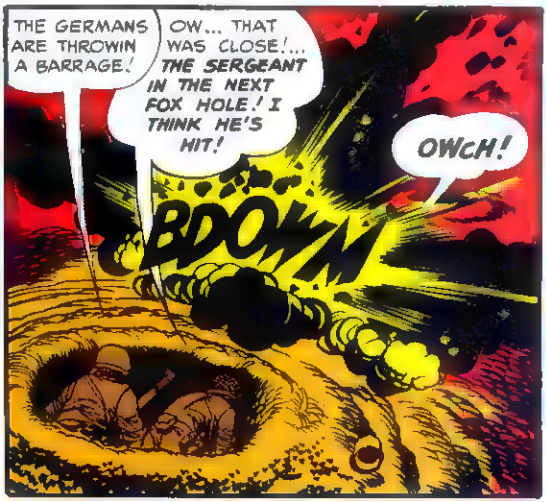
SURE IS DARK! CAN'T SEE YOUR HAND IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE... OOP!
HOLD IT UP!

YOU GUYS GONNA TAKE OVER? FOLLOW ME!
BE QUIET!

HERE'S YOUR FOXHOLE!
YOU GUYS TAKING OVER THIS FOXHOLE? YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT!
...HOT AN' COLD RUNNING WATER?

I HOPE THIS ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION! WE GOT RUNNING WATER ALL RIGHT!
GO ON! SHUDDUP AN' GO TO SLEEP! I'LL STAY ON GUARD!

...AAAACH! TEN DAYS WE BEEN IN THIS HOLE, NOT BEING ABLE TO SHOW OUR HEADS IN THE DAYLIGHT! TEN DAYS IN THIS SQUASHY MUD! I'M GOING STIR CRAZY!
LISTEN!

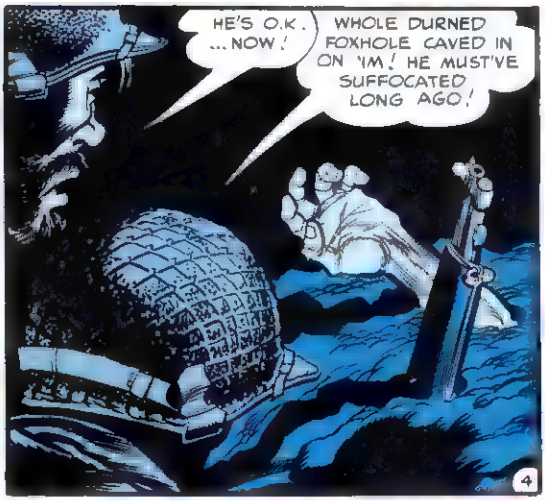

THE GERMANS ARE THROWIN A BARRAGE!
OW... THAT WAS CLOSE!... THE SERGEANT IN THE NEXT FOX HOLE! I THINK HE'S HIT!
OWCH!
BDOWM

GEDDOWN, YOU FOOL! IT'S SUICIDE TO GO OUT THERE! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT!

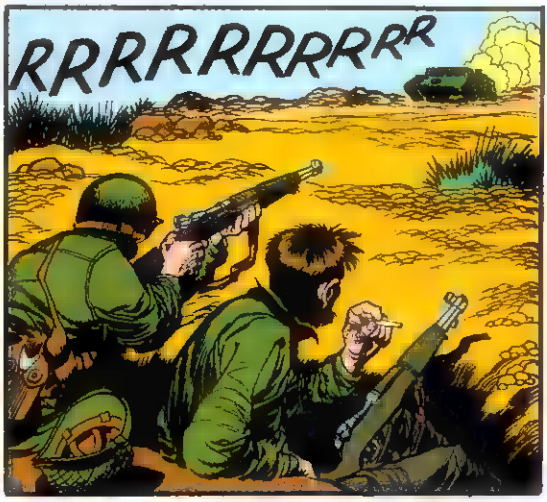
IT'S GETTIN' DARK! SOON WE CAN GET OUT AN' HELP THE SERGEANT!

HERE WE COME TO HELP YOU, SARGE!
OKAY! NOW! NOW! LET'S GO!

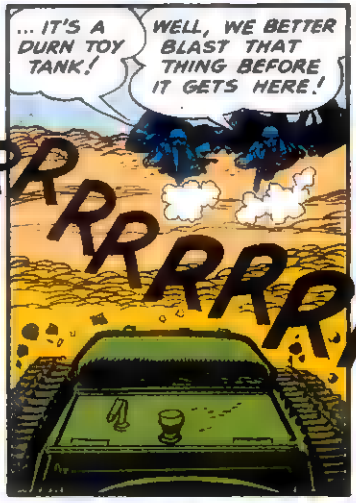
HEY! PSST! SARGE?
YOU O.K., SARGE?


HE'S O.K. ...NOW!
WHOLE DURNED FOXHOLE CAVED IN ON 'IM! HE MUST'VE SUFFOCATED LONG AGO!

HALLO! HAUPTMANN HERE!... WHAT'S THAT? THE FUEHRER WANTS US TO 'LANCE THE ABCESS OF ANZIO', EH? THIS IS NO ABCESS! IT IS AN EPIDEMIC! BUT WE HAVE HELD THEM FOR 24 DAYS NOW, ... AND TONIGHT, ZUM TUEFEL, WE ATTACK!


RRRRRRRRRR

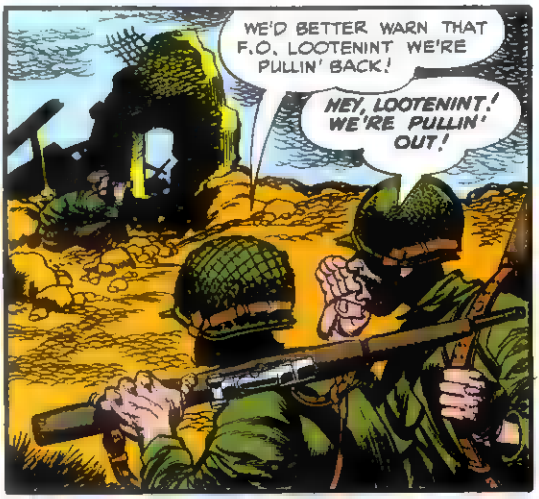
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT?
RRRRRR


... IT'S A DURN TOY TANK!
WELL, WE BETTER BLAST THAT THING BEFORE IT GETS HERE!
RRRRRRRRRR

FIRE! FIRE AT THE LITTLE MONSTER!
RRRRRRRR

WOWMP

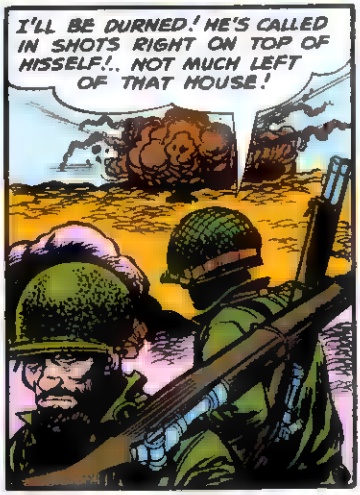
WHAT'LL THEM KRAUTS THINK OF NEXT?
PULL BACK, MEN! WE'RE PULLING OUT ALL ALONG THE LINE!
TIGER TANKS ARE COMIN'! PULL BACK!


WE'D BETTER WARN THAT F.O. LOOTENINT WE'RE PULLIN' BACK!
HEY, LOOTENINT! WE'RE PULLIN' OUT!

GO AHEAD, MEN! I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO ATTEND TO!
FIRE DIRECTION CENTER! FIVE ZERO OVER!

DURN EAGER BEAVER SHAVETAIL! GIVING ARTILLERY FIRE DIRECTIONS TILL THE LAST MINUTE!

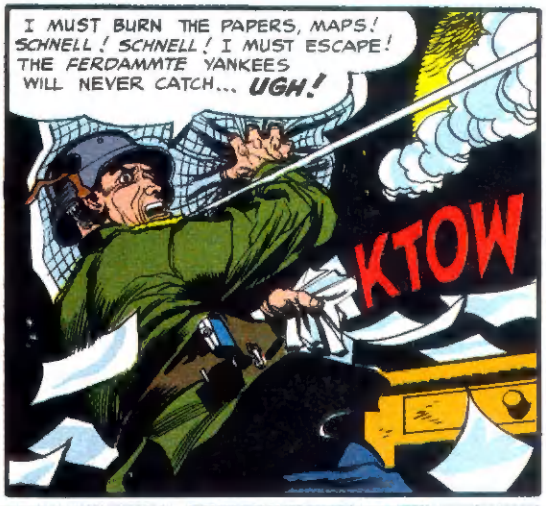
THEM KRAUTS MUST BE AWFUL CLOSE! THAT LOOTENINT IS CALLING IN SHOTS RIGHT FRONT OF HIMSELF!


I'LL BE DURNED! HE'S CALLED IN SHOTS RIGHT ON TOP OF HISSELF!.. NOT MUCH LEFT OF THAT HOUSE!

WONDER HOW FAR WE'LL GO! I DON'T WANNA GO BACK INTO THAT OCEAN!
NOW GET A LOAD OF THAT!

AIN'T THAT A SIGHT FOR MY ACHIN' EYES!
REINFORCEMENTS! BRAND NEW... CLEAN CLOTHES AN' SHAVED AN' EVERYTHING! OH, MY! ARE THEY IN FOR A PARTY!

HALLO! HALLO! HAUPTMANN HERE! FERFLUCHTE! AIRPLANES OVERHEAD AGAIN!... FOR FOUR MONTHS WE'VE BEEN HOLDING BACK THE ANZIO BEACH-HEAD! TO WHAT USE? THEY ARE BREAKING THROUGH ALL ALONG THE LINE! WHAT? THEY ARE HERE IN CISTERNA?... GOOD-BYE!


I MUST BURN THE PAPERS, MAPS! SCHNELL! SCHNELL! I MUST ESCAPE! THE FERDAMMTE YANKEES WILL NEVER CATCH... UGH!
KTOW

...NEVER CATCH... NEVER...
LIEBER GOTT!

... JUST GOT ANOTHER ONE!

THIS ROAD'S CLEAR! SIGNAL THEM VEHICLES UP AHEAD!
C'MON! ROLL! LET'S ROLL!

C'MON! LET'S GET AFTER THAT NA-ZEE ARMY!

WE'RE MOVIN' NOW! WE'VE BROKEN OUT OF THE ANZIO BEACHHEAD! NEXT STOP IS ROME!
I WONDER IF THEY GOT PRETTY GIRLS IN ROME!

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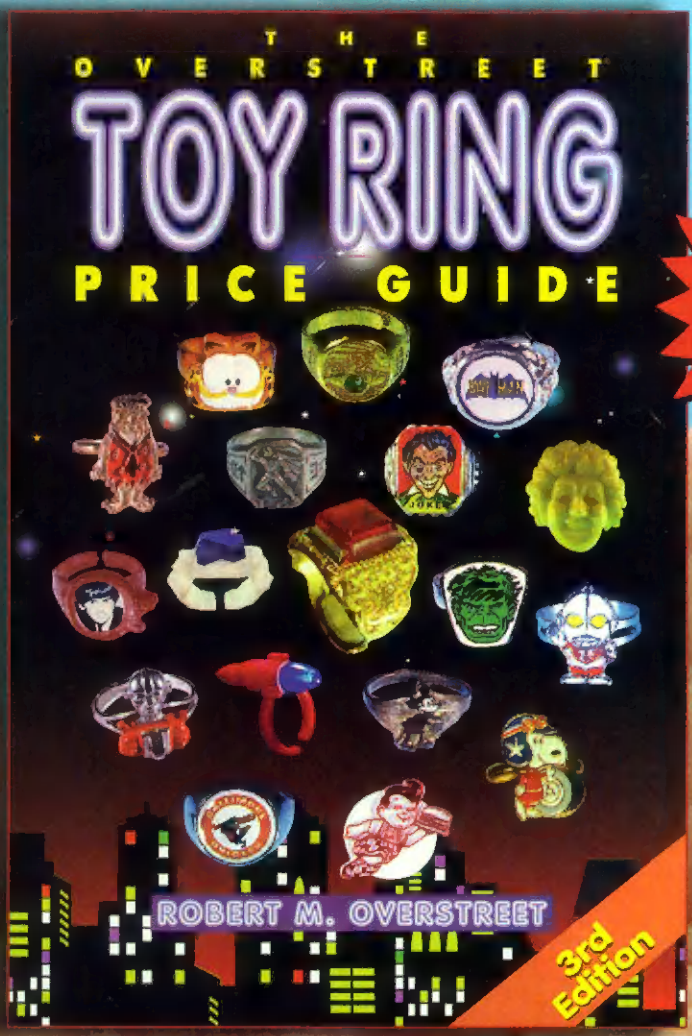

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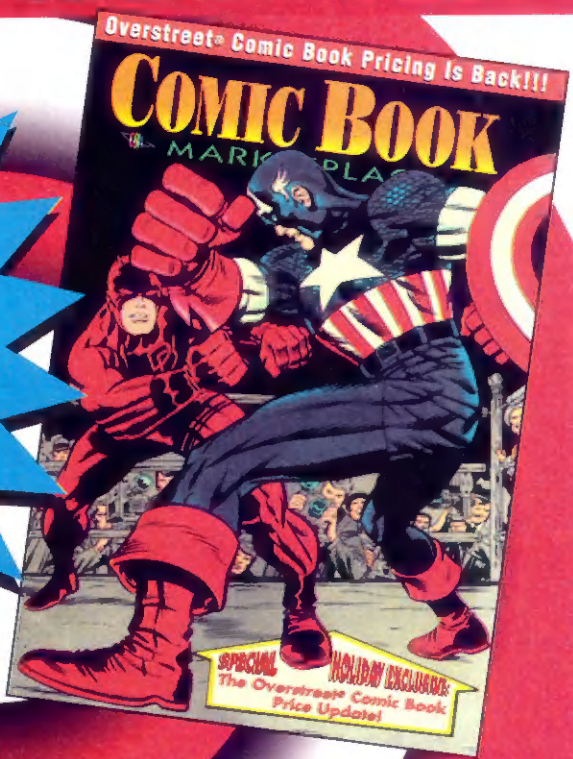

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